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Bard

= = = = =

I live in the elbow of the world
pliable the ambiguity
like a city full of fish and rumors
o mermaid live there
a dread ship on the horizon

no one knows if coming or doing
sly men in snakeskin shoes
want to share their religion
but my creed has trees

older than anybody, sky
glimpsed through foliage
visio beatifica
aspen leaves chattering in the park

the final irony of light.

10 July 2012

= = = = =

Something doesn't know its name
it came on a streetcar in Vienna
face in the window people here
have outlived something

they don't know either *give me*
a new word for God I hear them beg
are they Moses waving his arms
or Medea killing her children

water runs below us we groan
and tumble around in our beds
we never know what myth we're in
and no two of us are ever in the same

no never the same and you
with your bright eyes can detect
the alien monster in my shy glance
horses flee from burning stables.

10 July 2012

THE FALL

Flying too close to home
Icarus lost interest in his wings
and sank into his living room

he sits there still watching images
moving on the wall
from time to time he wipes his eyes

and at night he never dreams.

10 July 2012

= = = = =

Is it all just picking adjectives,
pretty nouns like that girl plucking flowers
on a field and then Hades happens?

The writer is himself Persephone
distracted from his work
by the beautiful tools themselves.

10 July 2012

= = = = =

The name of it is summer
and it speaks

Sumer. Begin again

There are no accidents
in language

Sumerian
dream: in Philly a Gaudí
church all swoop and swerve
upright of concrete that rose
like mud like candlewax
but from the organo-upward
thrust of it protruded
a Grecian temple
from argillaceous matter
a smallish Parthenon in white—
cold as it was we stopped and studied

this massive message here for me
for I am monstrous and most mixed
and have vexed the sacred Orders
of archaic taste

I have put things where they don't belong
my words in your mouth
and they are beautiful and there I was
barefoot in a blanket and a sheet
and some people in a truck
knew me near enough to my identity
to offer the kindness of strangers

Sumerian money
only a farmer would buy this
marsh fertile field
out of which all cities stemmed up
monstrous and mixed
and they wrote with brick—

I want to hear them speaking now
a record you can only play in dream.

11 July 2012

= = = = =

But love isn't about knowing
love is about leaving alone

in the infinity of otherness
a comfortable abyss

into which you *fall*
changing nothing but your mind inside.

11 July 2012

= = = = =

Who knows
what spoke

hibiscus said
three times summer

“he made me bathe
every day
even when I came up
fresh from the sea
in morning swim
he’d make me
wash in fresh water
and with soap
he made it special
from lamb fat and olive oil
and somehow ashes
from last night’s fire
so I was clean”

try to forgive him if you can
it was so long ago
hundreds of years

even the smallest complaint
lingers through time,
spreads out, a soft malaise
through standing trees
it was hot that year
and no one knew.

Sometimes the sun
took our breath away
poison in sunlight or
by sunlight loosed
into the atmosphere

he staggered in the courtyard
almost fell
just from the weight of the sun

and if nothing else
she was cleaner than her sisters
whom he interviewed from time to time
without either party growing much wiser

but conversation itself
is meat and drink
and they grew fat on knowing each other
often if not well.

So that was in a way your vengeance
—slim, for a slim offence—
in washing you he sought to wash himself
clean of morose delectation
as the priests call
thinking too much about the body
its chambers and its musics
and its ultimate vicissitudes.

12 July 2012

= = = = =

And that dear children is the ending
of what did not quite manage to begin.

12.vii.12

= = = = =

But don't want to know what was happening.

It's all the same as tomorrow

get a move on move in

we walk past the White House but we don't drop in.

12.vii.12

= = = = =

The line grows tired before it meets its end
this is a geometric impossibility and yet

13.vii.12

= = = = =

Among the sayables
you stand
untouched

there are those
power wakes

they build their cities
out of the unimagined

on the outskirts of every
equation the jungle waits
trying to be counted

waiting. Waiting
also is power

that look, those eyes.

13 July 2012

= = = = =

How long does old habit hold?

The peloton coasts downhill

to rest those knees

and then the grind begins

the so-called ascent,

cycling to the moon.

13 July 2012

= = = = =

I owe everybody a letter
but all I want to do
is hold your hand
or something, something
that says no more than
here I am we are.

13 July 2012

SINGSONG

I'm tired
of simplicity
the *clus* is the secret
of the rose
the *clar* the on-off
of the rotor
electromagnetic wilderness
those people bring
the desert with them
resentment makes it
the green leaf
will not grow in rage
bad summer
sumac coming back
the static of my disaffection
crackles over the purity of my invention
I was born to be a radio
you really have to imagine me
picture what I say
(bleak argument, Baghdad, once
there was a city beyond economy,
a flirt of mind a whisk a will
and wind took it)
when the mind is at peace the weather stops.

14 July 2012

= = = = =

Where did you put my urn
I write my tombstone every day
heavy on my knees
this marker magic
some words sink in.

14.vii.12

= = = = =

Think of what a hammer dreams
a vast and focused falling
hard on the shiny nail

and the pen dreams of fingers
driving it teasing it along
making it write words have never been spoken

and think of the voluptuous dreams of the chair.

14 July 2012

= = = = =

In the cool of a hot morning
a bike rides by
I wonder about such people
and they would wonder at me.
In torpor I dwell
waiting my hour—a wind
will rise, a word will tell.

14 July 2012

THINGS

Not all things need things.

Some sing

by themselves

comme ça: l'oiseau

tweets from branch to branch

of course they're messages

the world-word

is full of them. Other things need things

and then it's up to us

to answer. Basic English.

God is a monosyllable.

Take note.

2.

Thing thing.

Sing. Sing.

Childhood is a prison.

We watch the mother

dance her kids around the circle

“how dare she move us

are we not men and small

and women small and are we

not movers of ourselves”
he balled in infantese
but still the mother insisted
saying “thou art a thing
among things— the prison of thy young days
will be followed
by the long confinement of
adult identity—
for thing thou art
and thing remainest,
and belongest
either to me or to
some other ‘me’
you call yourself—
no thing is free.”

We who watched felt back in Bible land
where the fathers crush the mothers
and the mothers crush the kids
there is a horror of being a traveler
in time to see what was and will

and the cries of foster children never cease.

15 July 2012

= = = = =

It's not the patri-
that's so evil
(though matri-
would be better)
it's the –archy
that mows us down.

15.vii.12 [buzz'd]

= = = = =

No rain on Rainday
no wind on Windday
not so good.

We (“what fools these...”)
are intersected.

16.vii.12

= = = = =

I don't want to blame you for my faults.
But you are the weather and I am a man
who knows no better and thus must endure
whatever winds and vowels send my way
or keep themselves locked in the green wood.

16.vii.12

POSTERITY

Won't it be exciting to read
ten thousand years from now
that some man was bugged by the weather?

16.vii.12

= = = = =

To find the word
in all the words
written down
for our inspection
that is his own
word he cried
out to us?

--*ossia*-- [out to me?]

16.vii.12

= = = = =

Built as variations on a theme
we extend to infinity

no wonder we are awed by Beethoven and Bach—
of all humans they seem
most like the ordinary architect.

16 July 2012

= = = = =

Something the smell of strong coffee
shares with skunk—
a little mercaptan music?
Handkerchief dropped on a wet lawn?

16.vii.12

= = = = =

As my attention span gets longer
the poems get shorter.
Wittgenstein would have something to say about that.

16.vii.12

= = = = =

Changed this side of recognition
I know but don't want to know
the sameless changeness of never.

16.vii.12

= = = = =

I have unpieced my learning
till all that's left is touch.
That means mortality and dust.
Why did I drown my book? And when?

16.vii.12

= = = = =

To get out of this web
a self spins
where the spider is more trapped
than what she catches

and the only way out
spins yet another web

but when the wind moves
I think there is a way—
be part of it not what it touches.

16 July 2012

“THE PRISON HOUSE OF LANGUAGE”

Can't write what I can't mean.

Spin the wheel. Mean something else.

16.vii.12

SKETCHES

just sketches
not yet the giant canvas
full of snow and war
burning forests
horses and forgiveness.

16.VII.12